

# Our Young Folks' Department.

The "Self-Help" Club—Its Badge a Blue and White Satin Button; Its Object, Mental Improvement; Its Motto, "Finis Coronat Opus"—"The End Crowns the Work." Five Prizes to Be Awarded January 1, 1894. These Have No Connection With the Monthly Puzzle Prize. Buttons Will Be Ready in About Ten Days. Don't Fail to Secure Your Badge of Membership. Read the Editor's Letter.



## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

### SELECTIONS FOR THEIR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

Some Instructive as Well as Enjoyable Reading for the Children's Perusal. Father Time's Letter.

#### DOROTHY'S DAY.

What does she do in the sunlight?  
She fills her hands with flowers  
And jumps and swings  
And plays and sings  
And frolics through the hours.

What does she do in the lamplight?  
She reads a little book  
And hangs aside  
Her head to hide  
A tale, drowsy look.

What does she do in the candle light?  
She does a good deed  
And says a prayer  
With serious air  
And in her crib lies down.

What does she do in the starlight?  
She sees the silver beams  
With closing eyes  
And swiftly thinks  
To sleep and happy dreams.

#### THEIR VACATION.

BY MARY E. LOWELL.

"Now that vacation has come, I shan't look at a book."  
"No I shan't, and what is more, I won't."  
"I done my share of solid reading during the past term, and I propose to be free for two whole months."  
"Margaret Adams! you are not going to take home school books? Why, you've actually got a geometry and Latin books!"

"I don't believe in all play and no work, Mabel. I know you will think me a terrible book-worm when I tell you I intend to study a little, really a very little, every day that I am at home, except the days that I may take for long outings."

"As I shall be at home almost all the vacation, there will be so many spare moments, and I need the drill."

"I am so apt to dream away the time if I am not on any particular pleasure bent."

"Then you know, Mabel, how hard it is to go back in the fall when one has been full of so many other things for so many weeks. I know, however, that there will be weeks in which I can't open one of these books, there will be so much else on hand, for I do mean to have a really good time this summer."

"But of course you'll read something, Mabel!"

"O, yes, I'm going to revel in 'light literature' in the dull times in the mountains and at home."

"But none of your 'intellectual novels' for me!"

"Why, Mabel! I thought from your work last winter that Miss Randall had succeeded in making you like good novels and that you had given up those wretched things you call 'light'."

"O, Miss Randall is a lovely teacher, but she can't make me like such lengthy, tiresome works as these of Thackeray."

"Dickens is poky, too, so sometimes. Howells is too tame for me—no plots, and I can't get interested in society and he paints it. I want something that won't make me think—something pleasant and just a little romantic and exciting! For school and brain work the others are well enough."

"But you've got a point in opposition, Margaret?"

"Those worthless tales are so exhausting. You know yourself how tired I am and disappointed you are after reading one of them. Is it not so, Mabel?"

"I admit that I am dreadfully worked over some of them. I've often wondered how much combinations of love and death, romance and pathos, beauty and villainy, are ever made by any writer. I don't see how older persons are so unaffected by this kind of reading."

"But we are—"

"O, now, Margaret, I'll do anything for you, but don't begin a homily by saying we girls are just at the susceptible age, &c., and should be most careful, &c. I know all that, but I'll tell you, Margaret, I don't realize it!"

"Well, Mabel, you seem incorrigible, but will you try to do as I wish, for awhile, at least?"

"Your tone is persuasive, and I suppose I must yield. If it's not too much, however."

"Thank you, Mabel. It is quite a little request, I think. Give your time for reading this summer to stories—not novels, though there are many good ones which will come in later—some of the best of bright stories for young persons, which are full of noble inspiration. There is no need of my enumerating, you will see them on the library tables, many of old publication, many of more recent issue. Please do this, Mabel, for our friendship's sake."

"Yes, I'll try and think you are very good to me, Margaret."

"But what shall you read? For I know you'll be deep in something in the hot afternoons, when we others loiter around and complain of the heat."

"I think we girls are old enough now to begin regular reading—reading that requires thought and gives ideas and inspiration."

"I have kept a list of books that have come up in connection with our work at school. I'll tell you a few on my revised list, which is very small."

"First comes Macaulay—two essays on the Earl of Chatham, one on Clive. I want to study his style, which has been so much lauded to me. Then Scott's Kenilworth, and Thackeray's Four

ted both at the point where the bow and the stick join and to the stick itself, 11-2 feet below. This sort of kite requires practice to make it well, but it is great fun when you have one well balanced. The captive cord should be exactly opposite the point where the two sticks meet. Once a week.

#### The Early Rising Girl.

How sweet the flowers  
In morning hours;  
How fresh the day and fair;  
And silver bright,  
The sun's glad light  
Shines radiant everywhere.

I see the rose,  
Which lightly blows,  
Nod greetings to the day,  
And lilacs white  
Bend to the light,  
Which rise from the gray.

Then from her throne  
She cometh lone,  
The new day to adorn,  
This early one,  
To meet the sun—  
A goddess of the morn!

#### A Gentleman Defined.

London. Tid-Bits recently offered a prize for "the best definition of a gentleman." The winning definition is as follows:

A knight, whose armor is honor, whose wealth is courtesy.

The following are some of the definitions offered for competition:

A gentleman is one who combines a woman's tenderness with a man's courage.

The mirror of mannerly manhood.

A man who does his best to do the best.

A man whose money mars not his manners.

Is one who, wherever he may be, remembers what he is.

The quintessence of true manliness.

The embodiment of male perfection.

A happy result of the combined efforts of nature, preceptors and the tailor.

One who merits are patent as well as his shoes.

Manly, honest, generous, pure, a gentleman—rich or poor.

A man both cultured and refined, who always has it in his mind, and acts upon it always, too, to do as he'd have others do.

A human magnet.

A man who gracefully recognizes the rights of others.

Nature's finishing touch.

The crown of man's accomplishments.

A planet in humanity's constellation.

A gentleman is a person who perfectly combines self-forgetfulness with self-respect.

A compound of various good qualities that embellish mankind.

A human brilliant, very frequently unpolished.

One who acts with equal courtesy and consideration to all men, be they prince or peasant.

The truest model—with "honor" for its base.

A gentleman is one who realizes that there are others besides himself.

The male unobtrusive tid-bit of humanity, who makes life a success without blustering or vanity.

One who is personified.

One who knows what honor is and acts up to it.

A man who treats others with considerate kindness and respect because he can't help it.

A man who has a great capacity for doing right.

A man who does unto others as he would they should do unto him.

He whose first consideration is for the feelings of others.

One who is well-behaved to the meanest of his fellows, kind and genial to his equals, respectful, but not servile, to his superiors.

One who is chivalrously tender to women, honorable among men, and guided at all times by an innate delicacy of feeling.

#### A TALK ABOUT CERES.

She is the Fair Goddess of Fruits and Corn.

Ceres, the goddess of fruits and corn, appears in the old mythological pictures as a woman of majestic bearing, with a wreath of ripened wheat on her golden hair, and ears of corn in her right hand, and a flaming torch in her left. It was to her thoughtfulness and power that man owed the art of tilling the fruitful bosom of the earth, so that they began to eat the wholesome product of grain instead of nuts and roots, as do the inferior animals.

It is one of the inconsistencies of mythology that the so-called "solemnities" that were instituted in honor of so beneficent a deity as Ceres should have been orgies, only a little less wild than the festivals in honor of Bacchus. They were called the "Eleusinian Mysteries," and the story of their origin is a strange one.

When Ceres was traversing the countries of the world in search of her daughter Proserpine, who had been carried off by Pluto, she found herself one day in Eleusis, where King Cereus entertained her right royally. To show her gratitude to the King, Ceres took special care of his son Triptolemus, upon whom she bestowed a celestial miracle.

Triptolemus was a mere baby when Ceres arrived at his father's palace, but, strange to say, in two or three days he had grown up to be a tall and handsome young man. So marvelous a development alarmed the boy's mother, and she watched Ceres to see what treatment she was subjecting him to.

Part of this treatment was not at all bad, and no doubt the boy took it very kindly. It consisted of a daily diet of celestial food, which, of course, had a magical effect, so far as nourishment was concerned. But the mother did not object; but the right treatment was a terror! As soon as darkness came the goddess covered Tript with living coals and kept him roasting there till morning.

The mother found this out by peeping into Ceres' room, and when she saw the fearful spectacle she screamed out in terror and threw herself into the room to save her boy. It is a pity that the good woman did not know more about the peculiar ways of the goddess, for Ceres was only subjecting young Tript to the same process that the modern chemist subjects gold. She did not know, however, and Ceres put her to death for impertinent curiosity.

Having carried her purifying and refining process to a satisfactory conclusion, the goddess adopted Triptolemus and sent him all over the world to teach men the use of corn and other grain. Her intentions were good, you see, and a murder or two, in passing, did not count in that go-as-you-please age.

Now, it was Triptolemus, Ceres' adopted son, that instituted the Eleusinian Mysteries in honor of his foster-mother, a strange tribute for a son to pay, but then, we were queer times, and the more unnatural a thing was the more natural it was—it you can understand that paradoxical way of putting it.—Philadelphia Times.

#### Chinese Children.

The Chinese school children have instilled into them at an early age habits of hard, steady study.

At the age of five a boy begins his schooling. At daylight he rises, and after dressing as quickly as possible, he starts breakfastless to school.

He is given a task, and after it is completed he is allowed an hour for breakfast. Again, later he has an hour for lunch, but he is at his study nearly twelve hours a day, seven days in the week. All this time when he is not

reciting his lessons, he is studying aloud at the top of his voice. He is under the eye of his master both in school and on his way to and from school.

The lad is taught rudimentary astronomy, physics and natural history, but greater stress is put upon writing and his literary studies.

"A Thousand Letters," a poem, is the study that forms the backbone of his literary education. In it are taught the duties of children to parents and all such matters.

Whatever the study may be, history, classics or science, every lesson is learned and repeated word for word.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

#### BEAUTIFUL NARCISSUS.

What the Old Greek Legends Say About It.

When English children go a-Maying, they find in sheltered places by little brooks the beautiful "poet's narcissus."

This is a very ancient flower, for it bloomed even as long ago as when the gods and goddesses were supposed to live on the earth.

The old Grecian legends say it was the flower the maiden Proserpine was gathering when Pluto took her away to his dark home underground. Another legend tells about a beautiful youth named Narcissus. His father was a river god named Cephissus, and his mother a nymph called Liriope. The wonderful beauty of the youth caused many to love him, but he was cold and indifferent to all.

A poor little nymph called Echo loved him so dearly that she pined away and died because he would not care for her.

At last Nemesis, the goddess of retribution, decided to punish him for his hard heart.

She caused him to fall in love with his own image as he looked into a stream, and as he could never reach the beautiful image, he gradually perished with hopeless love.

His body was changed into the beautiful flowers which have ever since borne his name.—Mrs. R. S. Gifford.

#### THE SELF-HELP CLUB.

What Father Time Has to Say Regarding It.

Dear Boys and Girls—

From now until September let the regular weekly puzzle will be omitted from your page, in order to give us time to get the club in full working order. The buttons, for which I have had a number of calls, will be ready in about ten days, and the competition for the five prizes will begin then. The prizes, as stated last Sunday, are, first, for the greatest number of club members sent to me; for the greatest number of acceptable puzzles, sketches, etc., for the paper; for the greatest number of correct solutions to these puzzles; for the greatest display of neatness in the preparation of contributions for the paper. The prizes consist of two silver watches, a five-dollar gold piece, a gold button upon which will be chased the club motto, and a copy of the English Chatterbox.

From 9:30 to 11:30 A. M. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays will be Children's Hours, and I will be very glad indeed to see you then. YOUR EDITOR.

#### HE GAVE THREE CHEERS.

How an Old Soldier Expressed His Love for General Lee.

While General Robert E. Lee was at the Washington and Lee University he paid a visit to Richmond and dined at the Exchange Hotel. A gentleman well known in business circles in Richmond occupied a seat at the table and heard the General tell to friends about him this:

"It has been my habit to take long horseback rides for rest and recreation. On one occasion, having ridden further than usual from the University, I passed down the road in a field some distance from the road. On my return when about to pass the same point I noticed the plow lying idle near the fence and the horses unhitched and feeding. The man was no where to be seen; but he suddenly appeared in front of me and laid his hand on my horse's bridle, saying, 'General, I served in your army faithfully, and since the war I have been struggling hard to make a living. I have long wanted an opportunity to show my great respect for you, and I am determined to give you three cheers.'"

General Lee, continuing, said that he remonstrated with the man, telling him that he appreciated his kindness and the affection of always glad to recognize the affection of his soldiers, but that he was afraid this was not a suitable place for such a demonstration, and rather feared that it might be misunderstood by any persons who might be passing; that he was considerably embarrassed by the situation, and begged to be excused. The soldier, however, persisted in his determination, and there he stood, the lonely road raised his and there he lay in the air, whirled it vigorously round his head, and gave the General three lusty cheers.

Those who sat near the General and heard him tell this simple story say that when he finished his eyes were suffused with tears, and there was in his voice a perceptible emotion which plainly showed that the simple story he had told with an air of lightness was to him a pleasant memory not wanting in real pathos. This incident, being genuine and beyond doubt, illustrates both the modesty and the tenderness of the great man who told it with tears in his eyes.

General Fitzhugh Lee, nephew of the great commander, and himself a gallant cavalry general of the Army of Northern Virginia, riding away from the sad scenes of the surrender at Appomattox, was accosted by a grizzled old farmer, leaning lazily over his fence at the roadside, who desired some information about the army.

The farmer: "I say, young man, what's the news from the army to-day?"

Fitz replied: "General Lee has surrendered."

"You don't mean old General Lee, do you?"

"Yes," said Fitz, "I am sorry to tell you that General Lee has surrendered."

"I don't believe a word of it," said the farmer, "it must be that d-d little Fitz Lee."

This anecdote is one which General Fitz Lee tells on himself with evident pleasure.

The following story about Captain R. E. Lee, familiarly known to his friends as "Bob," must have had an honest origin, though it is unknown to the writer:

An Englishman visiting Captain Lee at his home, expressed surprise, and possibly some regret, that he did not find in the neighborhood any "gentlemen."

"Gentlemen, you know, who live on the funds, you know, who do not work, you know, who have no business, and do not farm, but enjoy themselves, you know, and live on the funds."

Captain Lee assured him that he was mistaken, and that there were many gentlemen in the country, and that his friend had simply failed to discover them.

"Oh, yes," he said, "we have plenty of 'gentlemen' in this country who do nothing—we call them 'tramps.'"

#### OLD CONFED.

Academy of Fine Arts, 115 EAST BROAD STREET.

Reduction sale till next Tuesday. Our stock is too heavy and must have room to make a change in store. We sell you at your own price and you can't afford to miss it.

#### A. F. CRAIG.

PROPRIETOR.

## THE LITERARY WORLD.

### WEEKLY CHAT REGARDING WRITERS AND BOOKS.

Brief Sketch of John Addington Symonds Some Popular Authors—Their Prominent Characteristics.

The sudden death in Rome, on April 13th, of John Addington Symonds, in the fifty-third year of his age, is a serious loss to English letters. He was born at Clifton, Bristol, in 1850, and was educated at Harrow and Balliol. His first book was "An Introduction to the Study of Dante," and one of his last literary acts was to put to press a third edition of this book, with a new preface dated Venice, March 21, 1893. Mr. Symonds' health had been poor for years, but in spite of this handicap his literary industry has been prodigious, resulting in illuminating volumes on Greek and Italian literature, studies in various phases of the art of the Renaissance, biographies of Sidney and Shelley in the English Men of Letters Series, and of Michael Angelo, and several volumes of verse and travel.

His last great work and the one that embodies his ripest thought and his widest researches is "The Life and Times of Michael Angelo," in two volumes.

For the past sixteen years Mr. Symonds has spent most of his time at Davos, in the Alps, which he "discovered" as a health resort and made known to the world. He was married to a sister of Miss Martine North, and was loved and pined by his eldest daughter at the time of his death. The suddenness and unexpectedness of this event—the cause was pneumonia—are apparent from this information, which Oscar Browning sends to the Westminster Gazette about his last days.

On landing in London this morning, after a sea journey of more than a week from Naples, I was shocked to see in the papers the death of my old and dear friend, Mr. John Addington Symonds, whom I left at Naples only a fortnight ago in the fullest health and the highest spirits. He was returning from a visit to Sir James Macdonald, at his villa of Leucopside, near Taranto. I had not for some years seen him look so robust, and he acknowledged that he felt as strong as he looked. We dined together and went to see Scarpetta, the famous Neapolitan actor, and parted promising to spend a good deal of time together during the ensuing week. On Sunday, April 9th, he went up Vesuvius, on a very bad day. The wind was bitterly cold, and the dirty plumes of smoke were beating down the sides of the mountain. I was told that he suffered considerably during the journey.

On returning to his hotel he found a telegram summoning him to Venice, where his wife had been taken seriously ill. He had, so far as I am aware, no intention of staying at Rome, and must have been prevented from completing his journey by illness. He was full of literary plans and projects, and was looking forward to working hard at his "History of the Grisons," for which he had made large collections, and which could not be completed without the labor of many years.

WELL-KNOWN WRITERS.

Their Respective Methods of Work. Uxanne.

Dr. Edward Eggleston is at work upon a new novel, the first he has written for some time. He works about three hours every morning. "Though I am best known as a novelist," said Dr. Eggleston, in a recent interview, "I care more for history than for fiction, and I have devoted much more time and thought in my life to historical study than to story writing. The first story I ever wrote, 'The Hoosier Schoolmaster,' I still give popular credit to my books; it still gives me a good profit every year."

Octave Uxanne, the unfortunate Paris editor and author who suspended the publication of his art periodical for a year in order to visit the United States and the Columbian Fair, was in New York recently on his way to the West. His recent work has been thus drawn by the New York correspondent of the Boston Literary World:

Personally, he is one of the most striking-looking men I have ever seen, of good size, with an attractive, open face, a fine head, and a face that it has been compared to the face of an Indian prince. All his physical characteristics show that incisive force which marks his literary work. His eyes, which are close together, with heavy brows, have a piercing glance that shows he sees everything around him. He wears a thick, curly black beard, which, however, only partly conceals his strong chin.

Lowell, according to Charles Eliot Norton in Harper's Magazine, had no regular or continuous habit of work. His method, on the contrary, was "spontaneous, rapid, with long breathing spells between the periods of exertion." Professor Norton continues:

He was an immense reader. When the occasion came no man could work harder or with more intensity of energy and steadiness of industry than he, and such was the volume of his reading that it was the wonder of his friends. His facility of expression, that his performance was often a feat of marvelous rapidity. Thus, in 1878, "Sir Launfal" was written at a white heat within a week.

Almost forty years later a considerable part of his discourse on "Democracy," delivered at Birmingham in October, 1884, was jotted down in the train on the journey from London. And yet so compact and well-considered is this discourse that it seems as though no care in its preparation, no deliberation in its statement had been wanting. Nor, indeed, were they for this address, which has been well called an event, and an event without precedent, was the outcome of the reflections of a lifetime, and the expression of convictions matured by experience, and of character based upon the rock of firmly established principles.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Brief Reviews of Each of Them—"General Greene."

LORENZO DE MEDICI—AN HISTORICAL PORTRAIT. By Edith Carpenter. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, N. Y. For sale by West, Johnston & Co.

In this brief but most readable sketch Miss Carpenter presents the bright and most attractive view of Lorenzo the magnificent. This is Lorenzo as Florence saw him, and it is in this character that common justice demands he should be brought forward in his portrait. As a magazine remarks, however, it is a portrait which can be maintained only at the expense of more or less violent apology for his sacrifice of civil liberty, and by a frank confession, once for all, that Lorenzo was not great on the moral side.

The careful reader is obliged to admit that her sketch of the great-hearted Savonarola is exceedingly prejudiced, and one quite unneeded in her apology for Lorenzo. Savonarola's faults were not those of what is usually understood by a "narrow nature." At the same time Lorenzo's treatment of the passionately earnest Prato was magnanimous, and when his hand was removed from Florence the monk fell under the fury of the two foes which Lorenzo had held down—Rome and the Arrabbiati. Otherwise, however, Miss Carpenter succeeds to admiration, giving us a sketch which is full of life, and as enjoyable as useful.

HARVARD STUDIES—SKETCHES OF THE UNDERGRADUATES. By Waldron Knicker Post. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, N. Y. For sale by West, Johnston & Co.

The author intimates, in the pleasant preface to his book, that he does not anticipate the interest of readers outside of his class-mates and contemporaries, but his modesty is unfair to a series of sketches which, while they must, of

course, especially interest and amuse the men to whom they possess the charm of pictures from their own lives at alma mater, are yet calculated to give pleasure to all who have not outgrown the memories of their own school days, and their sympathetic appreciation of the youth. Mr. Post is an alumnus of all class of '90, and states that the stories which he narrates are almost all founded on actual occurrences, either of his college life or that of undergraduates before him. Says he: "You will quickly see that I can claim little originality in the following stories. Some of the incidents happened to men of whom I do not even know the names, but whom I trust will forgive my use of their experiences. I will let no one imagine that in any of the characters he recognizes either himself or any one else. No one of us enters into these pages, though I have tried to draw parts of all. Among you, also, my dear brothers, I hope to find readers. There have been changes and developments since you were in college. Many of the situations have passed away and new ones taken their places. There may be some in these sketches that you will not recognize, still in the main they will be the same. Halcyon, platonically down the green, leafy path, the same old buildings flank it on either hand. The white walls of University still look across to the aged pair, Massachusetts and her partner, the head of the family. The latter is still a venerable effort to silence it, and your historic Jones who rings the bell? The river is there, the elms are there, and above all the undergraduate is there. And as, reverend grads, from the tales I have heard ye still, I opine that the undergraduate is still the same. If I can recall him to you, I shall be glad. I can make one of you say 'That is an old time.' I shall have done all I hope."

This extract from Mr. Post's preface will indicate the character of the sketches, which have an irresistible breath of fun about them.

THE PRINCIPLES OF ETHICS, NEGATIVE BENEFICENCE AND POSITIVE BENEFICENCE. By Herbert Spencer. D. Appleton & Co., New York, N. Y. For sale by West, Johnston & Co.

This latest volume from the pen of Herbert Spencer completes his three volumes on the "Principles of Ethics," of which one part, that on "Justice," was published some time since. The present volume consists of two parts, entitled respectively "Negative Beneficence" and "Positive Beneficence." Mr. Spencer deals skillfully with the various restraints which go to make up "Negative Beneficence," and his illustrations of "Positive Beneficence" are in the most just and reasonable. He admits, however, that the solution theory on which is based is not based on a strictly applicable to these latter questions of conduct. The work, however, has abundant merit. In the complete "Principles of Ethics" the reader possesses one of the most able and at the same time most interesting of modern philosophical thought, in a familiar language and entertaining style, with no less than a hundred illustrations, the author deals with subject in nearly one hundred brief chapters, discussing such topics as good and bad conduct, ways of judging conduct, conciliation, the confusion of ethical thought, reverence, justice, generosity, veracity, chastity, culture, amusements, marriage, parenthood, animal ethics, human justice, the right of property, the rights of women, the rights of children, the nature of the State, the duties of the State, pecuniary aid to relatives and friends, relief of the poor, political beneficence, etc. Mr. Spencer's work is commended for the spirit in which he writes